

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

No. 35]

SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1805.

[WHOLE No. 439]

FATAL EFFECTS OF SEDUCTION.

A TALE.

(Concluded from page 266.)

AS what was past could not be recalled, at the intercession of the young pair, they were in due time, received again into the family of the prelate, until an establishment of their own could be formed, which the prelate undertook to accelerate conditionally, that Frederick consented to his lady's fortune being settled on herself and her children: to this he could, being so circumstanced, make no reasonable objection; after protesting a thousand times that her wealth had nothing whatever to do with their union—that he married his lovely Philippina only for herself. And, perhaps, some young and romantic ladies may be weak enough to believe his assertions true—while those who have read mankind, and traced the powerful working of self-love in the human heart, will doubt the sincerity of his declaration.

After some time he was presented with a valuable living, to which he repaired, and kept the parsonage, a spacious mansion of ancient date, for their usual residence; hired a curate at the enormous salary of forty-five pounds a year, to perform the solemn offices of his benefice, while he amused himself

with the neighboring gentlemen, or occasionally loitered away a month or two of the year either with his own family or that of Mrs. Lawson's; who, not at all pleased with their country residence, and finding herself neither flattered nor adored by her husband, began to retaliate on his want of attention, by peevishness, arrogance, and contempt; frequently taking flight to her uncle's, where she vented her disappointment in unavailing and unpleasant upbraidings.

Mrs. Fitzcary, however, who had been highly offended at her marriage, and was extremely weary of the subject, frequently silenced her, by remarking, that as Mr. Lawson was the husband of her choice, it was both indelicate and imprudent in her to blazon his faults.

Let us return to the cottage, where we left poor Maria, on the eve of becoming a mother—the person, whom Mrs. Fitzcary had in kindness appointed to take care of her, was much tinctured with methodism, of a gloomy temper, and uncharitable spirit—from her, poor Maria heard nothing, from day to day, but censures on her errors, and exhortations to repentance—with strict injunctions to hate her betrayer. Maria could only answer by her tears—to hate Lawson was impossible—and to repent without hating him, seemed equally so—a terrible mental conflict ensued—she feared she was deserted by heaven, and abandoned to suffer misery in this

state, and punishment in the next—while her mind was thus cruelly agitated, she gave birth to a daughter; her attendant, either from carelessness, or ignorance, did not pay that strict attention to her that her situation claimed, her milk became extremely troublesome, was with great difficulty subdued, and, finally, the fever which had attended it ended in a delirium—the infant was of course taken from her, and, wanting that nourishment which nature sent for it, pined and died—for near two years Maria continued in a low dejected state; she seldom spoke—she had ceased to weep. Mrs. Fitzcary, who was extremely concerned at her situation, neglected nothing that was likely to restore her to her former state of mind—on her return to the Priory, after Maria's delivery, she beheld with extreme concern the harsh temper of the woman to whose care she had confided her; she was instantly removed, and a younger person, more cheerful and humane, placed in her stead—but this act of kindness was now useless, for moping melancholy had so firmly seated herself in Maria's brain, that even kindness could not move her.

At length Henry, who had been by mistake reported dead, arrived in the village, but so mangled and altered, that no one knew him; he had been in battle deprived of a leg, and was likewise dreadfully scarred in the face and, add to these the ravages a torrid clinic had

made on his complexion, no one will wonder that he was not known by his old acquaintance; his wounds had gained his discharge, and he was come to solicit the Greenwich pension—if disappointed of that hope, he had no other resource but to beg his bread—

For he was too weak to work,
Though realms his valor sav'd.

YOUNG.

He stopped at the plough on the Green, told who he was, wiped the sweat from his sun-burnt face, for he had walked many a weary mile, then eagerly enquiring after his grandmother and his sister, he heard of the death of one, and the misfortune of the other, in an agony that sets description at defiance—he drank freely, for liquor was become habitual to him, and then set out for the cottage; but how severe were his emotions, when he viewed from the little gate the desolation of its appearance; the garden was overrun with weeds, the rustic seat round the elm had gone to decay, and had been broken up; the vine was matted together, and hung in rude confusion around the door and windows of the cottage, all emblematical of the change within—he entered the enclosure, the noise of his wooden leg aroused the attention of Maria, he rushed forward and caught her in his arms—spoke eagerly—uttered her name. She, for a moment, seemed to recollect the sound, but then relapsing into her usual insensibility, she shrunk from his embrace, and fixing her wild eyes on vacancy, sat senseless and immovable.

This is too much, cried Henry, my poor Maria, and if I can find the villain who has brought all this upon thee, dearly shall he atone for it.

He then rushed from the cottage, and with as much speed as he was able to make, regained the public-house, where, from the villagers, who were by this time assembled round him, for it was then evening, he heard who was the reputed seducer of his sister; though none knew, yet most, from coincidence of circumstances, suspected Lawson. It did not, in the mind of Henry admit a doubt, he drank freely and continued with his old companions the greater part of the night—he then slept for a few hours, gained all the information he could of Lawson's residence—took one more look at his poor sister, which ser-

ved only to invigorate his thirst of vengeance—then privately took from the cottage a pistol, which had been his father's, and, without saying a word of his intentions, set out for the residence of Mr. Lawson. He was two days and one night walking thither. He cleaned his pistol on the road, and purchased some powder and ball of a soldier he met with at a public-house, where he drank till his money was nearly exhausted, and his brain in a state of frenzy—and arrived at the parsonage house just as Mr. Lawson, whom he demanded to speak with, had sat down to breakfast—he followed the foot-boy, rushed into the breakfast-room, took his aim at Mr. Lawson, who instantly fell, groaned deeply and died. The family was in a moment assembled at the sound, every possible assistance was given, but to no purpose—the aim was too surely saken—the ball had reached the brain.

The wretched culprit was immediately secured, indeed he made no attempts to escape, and seemed perfectly satisfied to have taken vengeance for the injuries of his sister—though he knew his life must pay the forfeit of his crime.

During this dreadful scene, Mrs. Lawson was absent on a party of pleasure—the fatal news, however, was conveyed to her, and she instantly set out for her uncle's residence, where she went through all the usual forms of grief and condolence—and was in a few days, between the intervals of tears and hystericks, enabled by the help of aromatic salts, to consult with her milliner on the most elegant and becoming mode of wearing her mourning.

In the mean time, the coroner returned the verdict wilful murder—and Henry was confined to take his trial for the deed. The body of Mr. Lawson was interred in the family vault—the effects at the parsonage all sold by public auction—and, as there were no children, Mrs. Lawson again figured in the first circles with her fortune unimpaired.

While Henry languished in prison, borne down by corporeal sufferings and mental sorrows—for the hour of reflection was come—poor Maria, as if acquainted by some secret impulse of the dreadful transaction, languished a few weeks, during which her reason seemed in some degree restored—and died without a struggle or a sigh, the morn-

ing preceding that on which her rash but unfortunate brother was to suffer death, who had, during the interval of her illness, been tried and condemned. He suffered according to his sentence, firm and collected, beseeching the surrounding multitude to assist him with their prayers, and to take warning by his example—not to indulge the impulse of passion—or impiously snatch from heaven the thunderbolt of vengeance.

On this tale, which we recommend to the serious perusal of the young, the gay, and inexperienced, we make no comment; sensible that they will see the necessity of subduing the first symptoms of passion, under whatever appearance they make their approach—convinced that it is much easier to destroy the egg, than kill the serpent.

LETTER

From a young Gentleman to his Sister, on her removing from the country to live in the city.

THE tender anxiety, with which an affectionate brother must naturally be affected by every thing that concerns, however remotely, the present or future felicity of an amiable sister, alone induces me at this time to intrude upon your hours of gaiety and cheerfulness, and will, I flatter myself, at least secure me a favorable reception. I confess, my dear girl, I am but ill qualified for the task I have undertaken; but when I consider the change in your situation, and that upon the conduct which you may now adopt, and the sentiments you may now imbibe, your future character, consequence, and peace of mind in a great measure may depend; my regard for your interest overcomes every other consideration, and prevails upon me to throw together the following scattered thoughts, which may possibly be of some service to you in life.

My youth, and natural indulgence for your sex, will secure you from the rigid austerity of age, while the little experience I have had in the world, the observations upon mankind I have had an opportunity of making, and a certain turn of thought, which I would hope is not peculiar to myself, will prevent my adopting the maxims of the votaries of folly and dissipation, beyond what reason and virtue will justify.

You are now, my dear girl arrived at a time of life, when the passions begin to unfold themselves, and the heart expands and discloses all its tender sensibilities: educated in the bosom of rural retirement, far from the liberties of the town, your mind is unsullied as the chrystal stream; your soul the image of spotless purity; and your heart the seat of every virtuous, every delicate sentiment, void of art, and free from affectation; that sweet timidity, that charming delicacy, that enchanting bashfulness, that artless, blushing modesty, which shrink from the most distant approach of every thing rude and indecent, and which form the brightest ornaments of your sex, shine in their fullest lustre throughout every part of your conduct. Such you appear to the friendly but impartial eye of your brother: but will you always deserve this character? Young as you are, and possessed of so gentle a disposition, will you have resolution sufficient to associate with those who are called the polite and well bred, the gay and fashionable of the present day, without assuming their manners, and adopting their free and forward airs? Will not those indelicacies, which too many, who are called gentlemen, are accustomed to use in company of ladies, become familiar from their frequency, and less offensive by repetition, until, what at first might shock and disgust, may at length appear even agreeable? But should you, by an intercourse with the world acquire just that ease and presence of mind, which is necessary for your own satisfaction, and to prevent your being embarrassed, (which is all you stand in need of, if you stand in need of any thing) without losing any thing of your present sensibility and delicacy, should you, while you feel yourself free and unconstrained in company, at the same time be able to maintain that modest reserve in the whole of your conduct which, untinctured by haughtiness or pride, flows spontaneously from a native dignity of mind, and purity of heart—you will then have arrived as near to the perfection of the female character, as this state will permit, and will be the delight and admiration of our sex.

But indecent conduct is not all that a young lady has to guard against. Those who are the most rude and indelicate in their actions, are commonly equally licentious in their conversation. All the wit that many of our young gentlemen possess, consists in saying things that

wound every delicate bosom, and crimson the cheek of modesty—that execrable kind of wit that consists in the use of double entendres of expressions, which though not absolutely shocking in themselves, naturally convey loose and immodest ideas—which in general are so plain and intelligible, that it would be an insult to a young lady's understanding to suppose her ignorant of their meaning—and admitting her not to be ignorant, the most infamous rudeness and brutality to utter in her presence.

Persons who are no better acquainted with that respect and delicacy which ought to be observed in company of every lady, and much more of one of *your* youth, beauty, and merit, ought to be avoided as you would avoid the pestilence; *this* can only affect your health, your life; *that* affects the reputation, and is a canker worm which preys upon and blasts the fairest, loveliest flower of modesty. And can it be possible that there are polite and fashionable young ladies, whose faces are ever ready, on such occasions, to wear the smile of approbation, while the archness of their looks gives sufficient notice that they perfectly comprehend the full extent of the meaning? yet, my dear girl, doubt not but there was a time, when they, too, would have blushed at the first approaches of indelicacy—such is the terrible devastation made in the female breast, by habit, custom, and that vanity, and rage for admiration, even the admiration of fools and brutes, which frequently at first prevent a young lady from showing her disapprobation of improper conduct, for fear of losing one from the wretched train of her admirers—And after having suffered the first breach of decency to pass unnoticed, it serves as a precedent to encourage a second, and makes it more difficult for her then to assume that propriety of conduct she ought at first to have adopted, and look out of countenance every thing rude and indelicate: until at length by its frequency it becomes familiar, and all her chaste sensibility being lost, it is no longer offensive to her polluted ear.

But now let me proceed to a subject more agreeable and pleasing. Nature, my dear girl, has been indulgent to you in her gifts, and has lavished upon you external beauty, with a bounteous hand she has formed you with a person truly lovely. Though you are beautiful, think

not your beauty alone sufficient to constitute your merit. Be as assiduous to cultivate your understanding, to improve your mind, to acquire every truly female and elegant accomplishment, as you would be if you had not one single recommendation to our favor besides.

Beauty of person may catch us at first; but the beauties of the mind can alone secure any conquest worth making. Sickness and disease may, in a moment strip you of the bloom of the rose, and tarnish the whiteness of the lily! at least those charms must wither and decay, when the winter of life approaches. The beauties of the mind will survive all the ruins of sickness and age, and endure beyond the grave. Beauty of person soon becomes familiar and palls in possession; but virtue and sense will ever improve, and be ever still higher prized as they are better known. I have now only to claim your indulgence for a moment upon the article of dress, although it is a subject scarcely of sufficient importance to take up much time or consideration. Neatness and elegance is what you ought principally to have in view; every thing beyond that must be left in a great measure to your own taste, and the fashions of the day, which, as long as they are not inconsistent with decency, ought in some measure to be regarded, but in such a manner that you may not appear whimsically in, or singularly out of them; and that your imitating them may seem rather a sacrifice made to the opinion of others, than to proceed from any fondness, or approbation for them of your own. There is a degree of ill nature in that satire and ridicule on female fashions and dress, many are so fond to adopt, which I acknowledge I could never approve. 'Tis true, if a girl devotes that time which ought to be employed in more important concerns, to the care of her person; if she places her supreme merit in her clothes and ornaments—if she assumes to herself consequence and state, and looks down superciliously on such as do not equal her in those respects—she then becomes the just object of our ridicule and contempt, be her dress what it will.

Let me draw the portrait I would have you to resemble. I would wish you possessed of that undefiled and benevolent religion, which descends from Heaven, and refines and purifies the human heart—free from the rage of bigotry, the gloom of superstition, and the extra-

vagancies of enthusiasm. I would wish you to be unaffectedly modest without prudery—cheerful, easy, and sociable, without levity, pertness and forwardness—affable and frank without ever forgetting that delicate reserve, absolutely necessary to support the dignity of your character, and to banish rudeness and licentiousness from your presence—well acquainted with books without a pedantic display of your knowledge—sensible without aiming at the character of a wit—possessed of every grace and beauty of person, yet in no one action appearing conscious of your superiority—adorned with every acquired accomplishment, without valuing yourself upon them—and all these blended and intermingled with that softness, that gentleness, and that tenderness peculiar to your sex.

I have now, my dear girl, very imperfectly executed what I had in view, when I took up my pen. I have thrown these thoughts on paper, that you may have them remaining by you, and would willingly hope that sometimes, in the hour of leisure and retirement you may think them worth a second reading, I have praised a thousand things I wished to have said: but have already made this letter too long; to supply the deficiency I have put into your hands Mrs. Chapone's letters to her niece, and Fordyce's sermons for young ladies; they are books which ought to be engraven in letters of gold, and can never be too often read by your sex.

C. F.

TO THE LORDS OF THE CREATION.

The Petition of a much abused, yet very innocent person, humbly sheweth,

THAT your lordships unhappy petitioner, though heretofore cherished and acknowledged the most useful and valuable servant of mankind, is of late, through some unnatural prejudices of education, or corruption of manners, become either shamefully neglected, or notoriously ill-used. And though on all hands his abilities in teaching, and bringing to perfection the greatest and most useful designs, are acknowledged; yet it is astonishing to see in what useless and trifling concerns he is engaged by some, and what vile and infamous drudgery he goes

through for others. Some have employed him many years together in teaching him the art of managing a pack of cards to the best advantage; the consequence of which is ruin if they do not succeed, and infamy if they do: whereas, if they had pleased, he would with less trouble have taught them to conduct an army or a fleet, by which they might have gained advantages to their country, and glory to themselves.

Others drag him at their heels from one place of idle amusement to another, never considering how he exhausts his spirits, and consumes himself in following them; not suffering him to do them any substantial service, though they know him to be so well qualified for it. Nay, it can be proved, that daily attempts are made upon the life of your said petitioner; some being so abandoned as to confess their barbarous and unnatural design to kill him, and openly and without shame, solicit their vile companions to join with them in their wicked design: inasmuch that your petitioner is obliged to go constantly armed with a very formidable weapon; the terror of which, though it serves to keep some in awe, is yet not sufficient to deter these desperate wretches from their determined and constant attempts to kill him.

The many cruel wounds your petitioner has received from the hands of these ruffians have brought upon him numberless evils and calamities; which, together with the weight of years he now labors under, render his present state a scene of misfortunes and misery.

In the midst of his distresses, however, it is matter of consolation to your said petitioner, that the wise and virtuous, some few of whom remain to comfort his old age, take every opportunity of cherishing and making much of him, and agree in commiserating the misfortunes, and lamenting the ill-usage he receives from the aforesaid foolish and abandoned profligates. But notwithstanding these noble examples, such is the force of custom, and the prevalence of fashion, that every possible outrage still continues to be committed with impunity against the person of your abused petitioner, the most ancient and most useful servant of mankind.

It is therefore most humbly prayed,

that your lordships will take the premises into your serious consideration, and in your great wisdom contrive some effectual means or laws to prevent or punish these gross insults, and unpardonable outrages, committed against an old man, past the best of his years, hourly declining, and daily expecting to resign his being to one who will never forget the injuries done to his predecessor.

And your petitioner, as in duty bound shall pray for the increase of your happiness to the end of

TIME.

TO RICH PARENTS.

"He that has a trade, has an estate."

NOTHING more betrays a pride grafted on folly, than to despise labor; nothing leads to more ruinous consequences, than to bring up children in habits of idleness and dissipation. Riches are so uncertain, and so frequently change owners, that it is a point of necessary prudence to educate the children even of wealthy families, in habits of industry and economy—otherwise, they will soon dissipate the fortunes which their father had hoarded—and will become ten fold more wretched than the poor man, who has been accustomed to earn his bread by his daily labor.

Postlethwayt's Dictionary records a very remarkable story, which used to be told by George the first.—It is recommended as a profitable lesson to young people, and to those parents in particular who attach the idea of meanness to all kinds of manual labor; and are more intent on leaving fortunes to their children or giving them a fashionable rank than on learning them to be industrious, prudent and useful members of society.

"About the year 1615, there was a Nobleman in Germany, whose daughter was courted by a young Lord.—When he had made such progress in this affair as is usual by the interposition of friends the old lord had a conference with him, asking him how he intended, if he married his daughter, to maintain her? He replied, equal to her quality. To which the father replied that was no answer to his question.—He desired to know what he had to maintain her with? To which the young lord then answered, he hoped

that was no question, for his inheritance was as public as his name. The old lord owned his inheritance to be great, but still asked if he had nothing more secure than land, wherewith to maintain his daughter. The question was strange, but ended in this, that the father of the lady gave his positive resolve, never to marry his daughter though his heir, and would have two such great estates, but to a man who had a manual trade, by which he might subsist if he should lose his estate.

The young lord was master of none at present, but rather than lose his mistress, he requested only a year's time, in which he promised to acquire one; in order to which, he got a basket maker, the most ingenious he could meet with, and in six months he became master of his trade of basket making, with far greater improvements than even his teacher himself: as a proof of his ingenuity, and extraordinary proficiency in so short a time, he brought to his young lady a piece of workmanship of his own performance, being a white twig basket, which, for many years after became a general fashion among the ladies, by the name of dressing baskets.

To complete the singularity of this relation, it happened, some years after this nobleman's marriage, that he and his father in law, sharing in the misfortunes of the Palatinate, were drove naked out of their estates; and in Holland for some years did the young lord maintain both his father in law and his own family, by making baskets of white twigs to such an unparalleled excellence as none could attain—and it is from this young German lord the Hollanders derive those curiosities which are still made in the United Provinces, of twig work.

From the Greenock Advertiser.

SIR,

THE following sentences were put to paper by a set of saucy fair-ones, in the presence of their husbands, whom, forsooth, they accuse of having adopted since their marriage, a phraseology different from that which they used when Lovers. If you think this female production not altogether unworthy of a place in your paper, your inserting it will oblige several of your constant readers, and particularly

DESPICIT.

The Lover—You do every thing well, Madam.

The Husband—My dear, you don't seem to me to know how to do any thing.

The Lover—How well you look to day—indeed you are charming in any dress.

The Husband—How frightful you are—I wish you would put on your clothes a little more becomingly.

The Lover—That's a pretty cap—how elegant is your taste.

The Husband—That hideous hat! my dear you never will learn to dress yourself.

The Lover—What pretty sentiments—how well you express yourself on every subject.

The Husband—You know not how to talk on any subject as you ought to do—therefore pray hold your tongue.

The Lover—Let me know your opinion, my dear madam—it shall ever guide me.

The Husband—What does it signify, my dear, what you say on the subject—I never consult women.

The Lover—How neatly you carve that fowl—It is a pleasure to see you.

The Husband—How awkward you are—the meat grows cold before you can cut it up; and after all, it is done in such a manner that I cannot eat it.

The Lover—I am so concerned to see you indisposed—can I offer nothing that will be of service to you madam.

The Husband—It is all your own fault my dear, that you have got this cold—you never take care of yourself.

(From the Rutland Herald.)

OBSERVATIONS FOR NEW MARRIED PEOPLE.

A Huntsman was leading forth his hounds one morning to the chase and had linked several of the young dogs in couples, to prevent their following every scent, and hunting in a disorderly manner, as their own inclinations and fancies should direct them.

Among others it was the fate of Jowler and Vixen to be yoked together. Jowler and Vixen were both young and inexperienced, but had for some time been constant companions, and seemed to entertain a great fondness for each other; they used to be perpetually playing together, and in many great quarrels that happened always

took each other's part. It might have been expected therefore that it would not be disagreeable to them to be still closer united. However, in fact, it proved otherwise. They had not long been joined together, before both parties began to express uneasiness at their present situation. Different inclinations and opposite wills, began to discover and to exert themselves: If one chose to go this way, the other was as eager to take the contrary: If one was pressing forward, the other was sure to lag behind. Vixen pulled back Jowler, and Jowler dragged along Vixen; Jowler growled at Vixen, and Vixen snapped at Jowler; at last it came to a down-right quarrel between them, and Jowler treated Vixen in a very rough and unfriendly manner, without any regard to the inferiority of her strength, or the tenderness of her sex.

As they were continually vexing and tormenting each other, an old hound who had observed all that had passed, came up to them and thus reproved them: What a couple of silly puppies you are, to be thus perpetually worrying one another at this rate! What hinders your going on peaceably and quietly together? Cannot you compromise the matter between you, by each consulting the other's inclinations a little? at least try to make a virtue of necessity, and submit to what you cannot remedy. You cannot get rid of the chain, but you may make it set easy upon you, I am an old dog and let my age and experience instruct you. When I was in the same circumstance with you, I soon found that thwarting my companion, was only tormenting myself, and my yoke fellow happily came into the same way of thinking. We endeavored to join in the same pursuit, and follow each others inclinations; and so we jogged on together, not only with ease and quiet, but with comfort and pleasure, and we found by experience, that mutual compliance, not only compensates for liberty, but is even attended with mutual satisfaction and delight, beyond what liberty itself can give.

E. G.

FLATTERY IN RAGS.

"Your charity, dear lady," cried a beggar the other day, "I have no small change." Then charming Madam, give me your beautifulilly hand to kiss, no friend—there's half a crown for you.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, June 1, 1805.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city inspector reports the death of 29 persons during the week ending on Saturday last

Of CONSUMPTION 3—convulsions 5—cholera 1—debility 1—dropsy 2—dropsy in the head 1—drowned 1—remittent fever 1—hives 1—inflammation of the bowels 1—peripneumony 1—scrofula 1—suicide 2—syphilis 1—whooping-cough 1—and one of worms.

Of whom 10 were men—7 women—6 boys—and 6 girls.

Of whom 9 were of and under the age of one year—1 between 1 and 2—2 between 2 and 5—1 between 10 and 20—3 between 20 and 30—6 between 30 and 40—4 between 40 and 50—1 between 60 and 70—and 2 between 70 and 80.

A tremendous hurricane and hail storm made considerable ravages in Chatham, Granville, and Franklin, on Sunday the 12th inst. by levelling houses and crops of wheat. It is asserted though we do not vouch for its correctness, that a young lady of Franklin was taken up by the wind and had not since the last accounts from there, been heard of.

There are some flights more common and less dangerous than an aerial one; and we hope to be able to state that such has been the choice of the lady in question, if it be really true she is missing.

Raleigh pap.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Sunny town, (Penn.) dated May 4, 1805.

A few days ago we witnessed a very dreadful accident. The Powder mills and drying houses of Mr. Daniel Schmidt, distant about one mile from this place were blown up. One of the

mills caught fire while working and instantaneously communicated with the other which stood opposite at a very small distance, and the two mills together with the two drying houses, containing about 2,500 wt. of powder, were blown into the air in less than five minutes. What adds to this dire calamity, is that several persons lost their lives in the explosion, and several were wounded.

It fortunately happened that at the blowing up of the mills no person was in but two young men employed in the drying houses; one of them, about 15 or 16 years of age, in attempting to make his escape was struck on his head behind the ear, by a piece of wood which killed him instantly. Among the number of persons who came to assist was a person named Barger, a carpenter, who worked in the neighborhood, this humane though unfortunate man had the courage to attempt to save his fellow creatures. He endeavored to engage the assembled people to join him in this noble enterprise, and approached the drying house, which was already surrounded by fire, heedless of the warnings of the people. Alas! it was too late—the drying house blew up with a dreadful noise, and the unfortunate Barger lost his life, and several others were much wounded. His body was shortly after found—it was a shocking sight—all his wearing apparel was consumed excepting his neckcloth and one stocking; his breast was torn to pieces, and his face almost entirely burnt up.

George Weidemeyer, had his left arm broken in three places; his shoulder blade torn to pieces; he survived about fifteen minutes. Jacob Weighner lost his right leg (below the knee, he lingered till yesterday, when kind death released him from his misery. There were many others who were severely wounded and hopes are entertained of the recovery of some. Barger has left a wife and eight children, and Weighner a wife and four children.

(Sackbridge, April 27.)

On Tuesday the 9th inst. the inhabitants of the north part of Alford were alarmed by a sound somewhat resembling

thunder, but much more intense than any ever experienced in this part of the country. Those having a prospect, and immediately turning their eyes to the direction from whence the noise appeared to proceed, were astonished to behold a volume of fire, to appearance 8 or 10 feet in diameter, issuing directly from the earth, and to the height, as was supposed, of 150 feet, accompanied with vast quantities of smoke, equal to that proceeding from a large building on fire.

Constant successions of fire and smoke of this description continued for the space of 10 or 15 minutes. The cattle and other herds of the adjoining fields were thrown into the greatest amazement and consternation. The family of Mr. James Bloss, on whose land the phenomenon happened, accompanied by a great number who had assembled at a call so extraordinary, immediately repaired to the place from whence the fire issued, but found, contrary to their expectations, that no eruption at all of the earth had taken place, but that the common rubbish scattered around had been conveyed to a great distance.—Let the curious determine the cause.

From a London Paper.

GAMBLING.

Unfortunate Adventure in High Life.—An event has lately taken place in high life, which whilst it occupies, the attention and engrosses the conversation of the whole of the fashionable world, has excited the astonishment of every individual acquainted with the parties. The circumstance is as follows:—

It is roundly asserted, and the report is generally credited, that a certain lady of distinguished rank has lately lost at the Faro Bank of a titled dame, a sum of money little short of half a million sterling. Even family connections are said to be by this unfortunate affair so deeply involved, that the carriages, horses and servants, are all upon the wing, i.e. the former shortly to be consigned to the hammer, and the latter discharged. The whole of the transaction, and the motives which produced it, appear so inexplicable that time only can develop the seeming mystery. Although

a bond is said to have been given for the amount of the sum lost, yet the husband is advised to litigate the matter.

The rage for Egyptian Ornaments of every description, still continues. Our dashing carriages are no longer to be lighted by a plain travelling lamp, but a *Pharos*; our three cornered opera hats are to be dignified by the appellation of *Deltas*; and our houses are to be adorned with *Pompey's Pillars*. Among the ladies, the Christian names of *Rosetta*, *Alexandria* &c. will become fashionable. And our dames of the town will sit down in their morning apartments to execute their fanciful needle-work, with *Cleopatra's Needles*. The Pyramid head-dress is to be introduced with the new-year and the bosoms of the fair are to be covered with *labyrinth* shawls and kerchiefs. The crocodile and ichneumon are to be united in one decoration, as the symbol of fashionable conjugal felicity. The hair is to be ornamented with the *sphinx* and the *lotus*, and all genteel notes of invitation to be written upon *papyrus*; letters and curiosities of any kind, are no longer to be kept in the *secretaries* and *cabinets*, but in the *catacombs*; and *spring water*, at a fashionable ville, is to be drawn from *Jacob's Well*. *Natron* smelling-bottles, *Coptic* knife-cases, *Bedonian* tooth-picks, *Arabian* scissors, *Mameluke* vests, *Serpent* broaches, and a thousand other allusive trinkets, will be universal, if the mode succeeds.

Dreadful Casualty!

One night last week, an unfortunate man, who was before deeply intoxicated with liquor, gained admittance into a public house, near Cork, and having drank an additional half pint of whiskey, sat down by the kitchen-fire, from whence it was found impossible to remove him. The owner of the house humanely suffered him to remain there during the night; but, on coming down early the next morning to look after his strange guest, he found that the wretched man, during his state of insensibility, had actually burned his leg off, nor did he awake till the fire approached the pan of his knee! The Reader will be glad to hear that the leg was—a wooden one!

It is the fashion with the *Parisian Belles* to receive their visitors in their beds, full-dressed, but, like our own *Elegantes*, they go abroad a la *Nude*.



MARRIED.

On Sunday the 19th Mr Dennis Leech-an, to Miss Anna Sullivan, sister to Mr. D. Sullivan, Merchant, of this city.

On Saturday evening, Mr. John M. Lilley, to Miss Elizabeth Southwell.

Mr. Philo S. Sage, to Miss Ann Crea.

On Thursday evening, the 18th ult. at the Bourbon Furnace, in Kentucky, George Yellot, esq. of Baltimore, to Miss Bethia Burrell, late of this city.

In London, Mr. Ebenezer Manson, aged 19, to Mrs. Sculfield aged 84.

DIED.

In England, at. 86 Mr. Wm. Parrington, formerly a mole catcher, in which profession, he acquired upwards of 2,000*l*.

In Canterbury, (N. H.) Mr. John Carter; he was thrown from his horse and died through loss of blood at the nose.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF

MRS. DARBY.

ON MONDAY EVENING, June 3,

WILL BE PRESENTED,

A Tragedy called,

BUNKER HILL.

With other entertainments, as will be expressed in the bills.

Scales, Weights, & Measures.

ABRAHAM CARGILL,
PUBLIC SEALER OF WEIGHTS, MEASURES, SCALE BEAMS, & YARDS,

No. 250, Water-street.

Four doors West of Peck Slip;

Where he continues to carry on his Manufactory of Tin, Copper, Brass, and Sheet Iron, Ware; and keeps on hand, a general assortment of Scales, Weights, and Measures, with a variety of Japan'd Pewter, and Hollow Ware.

N. B. Weights and Measures Adjusted, and Sealed at a short notice.

W. S. TURNER,

Inform his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 15, PARK, to No. 71 Nassau-street, where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method also of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging TOOTH-ACHE his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the DECAY is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 15, PARK, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years; and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by a constant application of it, the TEETH become beautifully white, the GUMS are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened TEETH are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY and TOOTH-ACHE prevented.

The TINCTURE and POWDER may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden-lane.

VALUABLE INFORMATION

to those who are subject to the Tooth-ach.

BARDWELL'S Tooth-ach drops, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list.

Extract of a letter recently received.

Gentlemen,

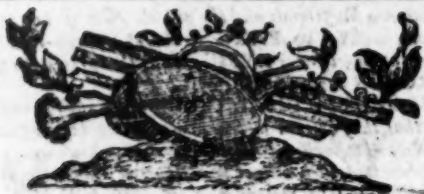
"I had been tormented with the most excruciating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was excruciating sores, occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine, the pain entirely ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to insure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.

ELIZABETH CASEMORE.

No. 15, Thomas-Street, New-York."

Sold by appointment at Messrs. Ming & Young's No. 102 Water-Street, Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 433 Pearl-street, & wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's Medicine Warehouse No. 20 Bowery Lane.

Price One Dollar.



The following lines are taken from a late
London paper: should you think them
worthy of publication, by giving
them a place you will oblige

Your very Humble Servant,

May 27th, 1805.

J. A.

THE tumult of battle had ceas'd—high in air,
The standard of Britain triumphantly way'd:
And the remnant of foes had fled in despair,
Whom night, intervening from slaughter had sav'd,

When a vet'ran was seen, by the light of his lamp,
Slow pacing the bounds of the carcase-strewn plain;
Not hating his intent—for he quitted the camp
To comfort the dying, not plunder the slain.

Tho' hauntest in war, at a story of woe
Down his age-furrowed cheek the tears often
ran,
Alike proud to conquer or save a brave foe,
He fought like a Hero, "but felt like a man!"

As he counted the slain, "Oh! conquest!" he cried,
"Thou art glorious indeed! but dearly thou'rt
won!
"Too dearly alas!" a voice faintly replied—
It thrill'd thro' his heart—'twas the voice of his
son.

He listen'd, aghast—all was silent again—
He searched by the beams which his lamp feebly
shed,
And found his brave Son amidst hundreds of slain,
The corpse of a comrade supporting his head.

"My HENRY! the war shatter'd Soldier exclaim'd,
"Has death rudely wither'd thy laurels so soon?"
The youth op'd his eyes, as he heard himself nam'd,
And awoke for a while from his death-boding
swoon.

He gaz'd on his FATHER, who knelt by his side,
And seizing his hand, prest it close to his heart:
"Thank Heav'n thou'rt here, my dear Father!" he
cried,
For soon, ah! too soon, we for ever must part!"

"Tho' Death early call'd me from all that I love,
"From glory! from thee! yet perhaps it is
giv'n

To meet thee again in yon regions above!
His eyes beam'd with hope as he look'd up to
Heav'n.

Then let not thy bosom with vain sorrow swell,
"Ah! check, ere it rises the heart rending sigh!
"I fought for my King! for my COUNTRY!—
"I fell.
"In defence of their RIGHTS—and I glory
"to die!"

(From the Palladium.)

ELEGY.

On the glory of her sex,

MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

GOOD people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her—praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighborhood to please,
With manners wondrous winning;
And never followed wicked ways—
Except when she was—sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumber'd in her pew—
But when she—shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The King himself has followed her—
When she has walk'd—before.

But now her wealth and finery's fled,
Her hangings on cut short all;
The doctors found (when she was dead),
Her last disorder—mortal!

CAUTION TO THE FAIR.

Sung in the Entertainment called "Foul deeds
will rise."

FOND maids, beware, when first your hearts
To pal, igne begin,
And young emotion's frequent starts
Betray the throbs within.
Beware, when first you heave the sigh,
And tears arise you know not why,
When a'er the swiftly-changing cheek,
The conscious blushes rove,
And tell-tale eyes the tumult speak;
Fond maids, beware of love!
And ah! beware, when first the youth
His doleful fate bewail,
When first he vows eternal truth,
And you believe the tale.
Beware, when he shall dare the bliss
To steal love's first and trembling kiss.
Then guard with watchful care, your breast,
And Love's approach reprove,
For maidens, as you prize your seat,
Beware the kiss of Love.

N. SMITH,

Chymical Perfumer from Lon-
don, at the New York Hair-Powder
and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose
No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel,
Broad-Way.

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses, so
well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples,
redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whiten-
ing and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and
is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with
printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or
3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair
and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s.
and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented, hard and soft Pa-
matums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with
fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a
most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness
and chaps, leaves them quitesmooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold-Cream, for taking off all
kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and
comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the
skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had
only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentifrice Tooth Powder, for the
Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far
superior to any other for softening, beautifying and
preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold
with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

LITERATURE.

The subscriber respectfully informs his employers and
the public in general, that he will continue his School at
No. 17 Banker-Street as usual; and will open another
the first of May, in that spacious, airy and beautiful
House and Situation, on the corner of Grand and Or-
chard-Streets, now occupied by Mr. Whippo. He has
employed persons to assist him in teaching, whose abili-
ties are adequate to the task of teaching English Lit-
erature in its various branches. The subscriber will
superintend both schools, and make it the top of his am-
bition to render instruction particularly useful to em-
ployers, and reciprocally discharge his duty in every
respect relating to Science, Morality and the civil de-
portment of his pupils. The subscriber purposes living
at the last mentioned House, and can accommodate sev-
eral gentlemen boarders, the house being very roomy, and
there is a beautiful yard of five lots of ground covered
with grass, and shaded with cherry and peach trees.

W. D. LEZELL

No. 17, Banker-Street, New-York.

N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages,
Indentures, Wills, Leases, Re-leases, Papers, Bonds,
&c. &c. on the most reasonable terms.

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